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Our Boston Trip

AUGUST, 1895

MARION COMMANDERY NO. 36
OF
MARION, OHIO

OFFICERS OF THE MARION BOSTON CLUB.

SIR WILLIAM FIES, *President.*

SIR HARVEY WILSON, *Secretary.*

SIR ED. S. BOALT, *Treasurer.*

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

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SIR B. P. SWENEY,
SIR C. H. WILSON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SIR M. B. DICKERSON,
SIR G. D. COPELAND,
SIR F. N. DEWITT

THE BOSTON PILGRIMAGE.



ARION COMMANDERY No. 36, K. T., having decided to attend the twenty-sixth Triennial Conclave in Boston, are going by the following route:—Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Ry. to Toledo; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. to Detroit; Grand Trunk Ry. via Niagara Falls to Kingston; Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. to Montreal; Grand Trunk Ry. via Quebec to Portland; Boston & Maine R. R. to Boston.

A great many of us have undoubtedly drawn upon our imagination to prepare for this, perhaps the grandest trip to a Triennial Conclave the Commandery has ever taken.

At four o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, August 19, we will embark on our special train of Pullman sleepers, at the C. H. V. & T. Ry. depot, (the Buckeye Route), passing through many familiar scenes until we reach Toledo.

Toledo.—This famous city perhaps has more charms for a "Buckeye" than any in this fair state, but as neither time nor program admit of a stop-off at this time, we leave at once via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. for Detroit, arriving there about 9.20 in the evening. We will leave Detroit about 11.30.

Detroit.—Our Rendezvous. For those of us of the Commandery, who are not familiar with this city, let us speak. When we stop to think, that more tonnage passes through the Detroit River, even under the shadow of the city walls, than is claimed for any other port in the world, can we help but say,—We are glad to come to Detroit, *All Hail!* thou "City of the Straits." Her broad avenues; her churches; schools; her grand Masonic membership, now pressing toward the goal so hard to reach, the acquirement of a Temple, largest and best in the world; these all make us glad to come, sorry to go.

After having raised our banner to catch the breeze, which may perchance float the news of our invasion of the Queen's Dominions on before us, we are taken in charge by the representative of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, "The

Great International Route," landed, cars and all, on the immense car ferry, sailed across the Detroit river, and in less time than we could imagine, started Eastward. Though Britannia rules all here, her flag takes second place, beneath the banner of Masonic Love — her best and brightest stars are those who wear upon the breast the compass of unbounded charity, measured only by the square of justice. Such stars will you find among the thousands of your Canadian brothers, should you find time to visit them.



Burlington Heights.

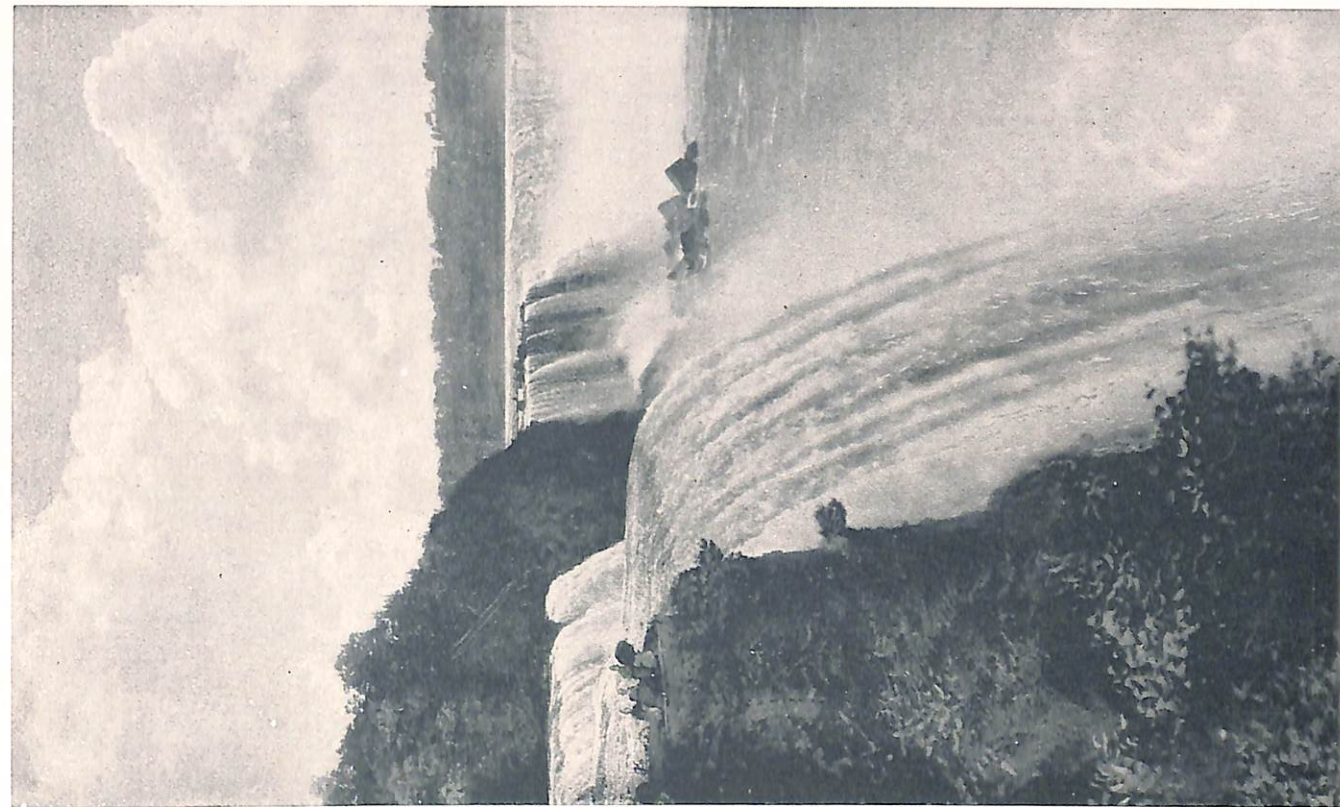
While speaking of Canada, we are skirting the shores of Old Lake St. Clair, across the marshes at Belle River, counting the minutes till we reach Chatham, (the war-time fugitive slave town) admiring the scenery between there and the crossing of the River Thames, until this winding stream is lost to view amid the buildings of the prosperous city of London.

London,—a city of about thirty thousand people, an aspiring imitator of its great namesake, over the Atlantic. Beyond London comes Ingersol, Woodstock, Dundas, Hamilton and then Toronto.

A pretty view at Dundas,—Burlington Bay at Hamilton. These two views taken in as the crow flies, serve to brighten the trip.

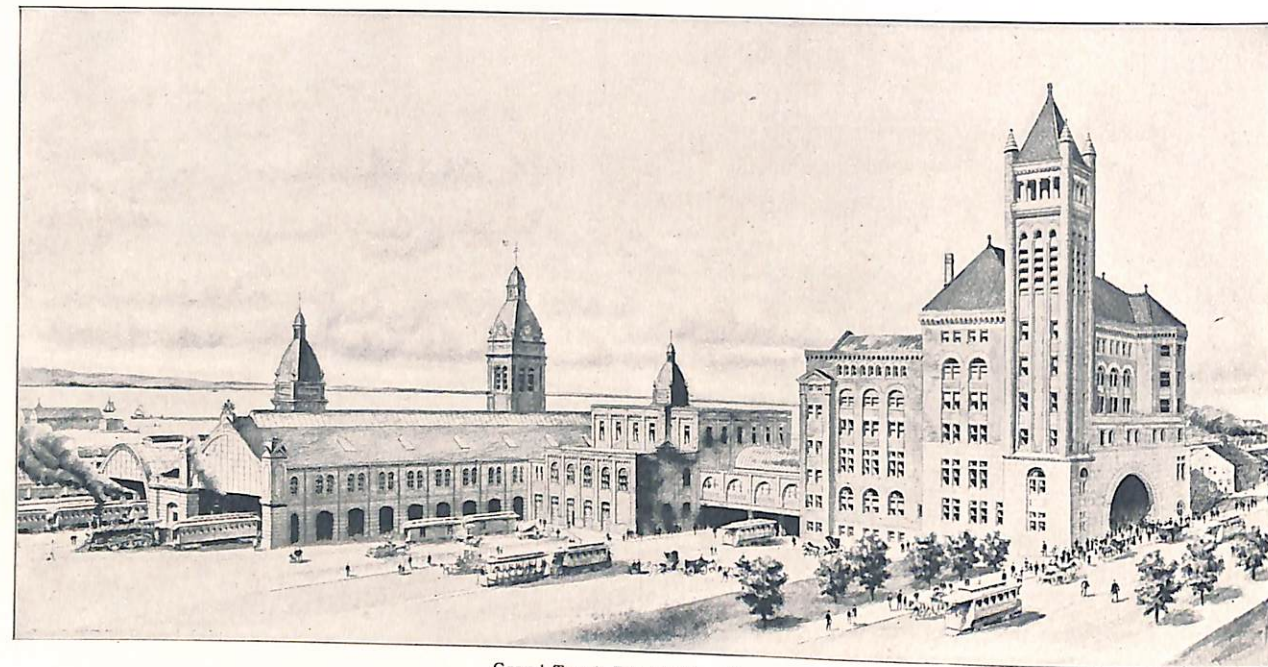
Niagara Falls.—We visit Niagara Falls on the going journey.

"The rushing waters seem to reach a goal
So dark — so deep —
And mingle present, past and future in the fold
Of everlasting sleep."



Niagara Falls

Toronto,—"The American City of Canada." About two hundred thousand people; as progressive, as hospitable, as patriotic as any, will be glad to have the Knights Templar take a look at them and theirs, be their time short or long,—the longer the better. It's evening, however, and we are soon on the way to Kingston, feeling refreshed by a brief tarry and a good supper.

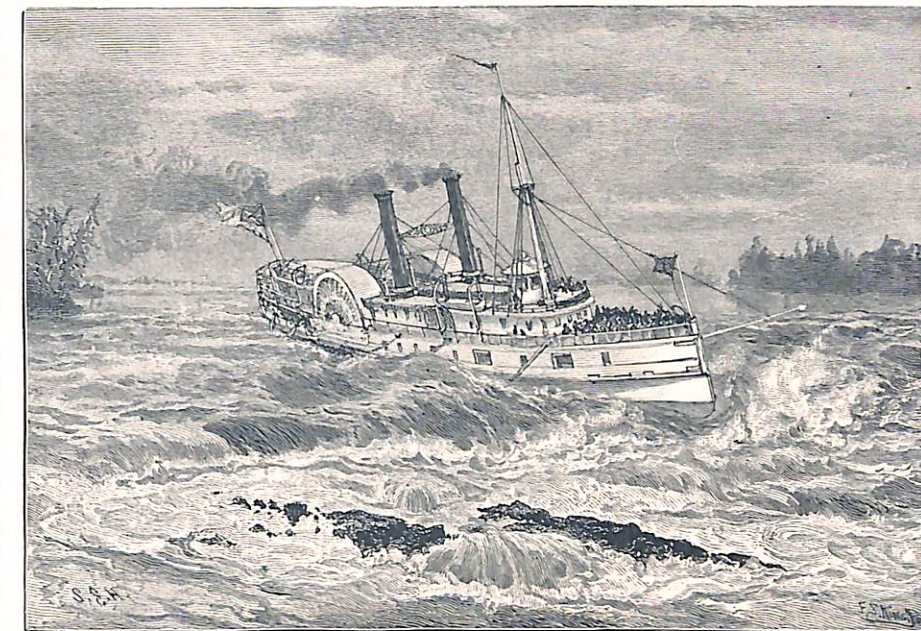


Grand Trunk Ry. Station, Toronto.

Kingston.—The place from which we sail for Montreal, while our sleepers ride the rail alone. *The head of navigation*, as it were, on the *St. Lawrence River*. Do we expect much or little, such expectation will be met, in the variety of sea and shore, in the placid green waters, in the crowning, clustering islands, numbered by the thousands, with the creeping vines, just reaching out in verdant beauty, seeking to spread one color over some cottage or castle by the inland sea, but leaving here and there a spot of other brightness, left for man to paint in self protection, from the wind or rain. The steamer seems to float along, not missing any but the meagre spots, which, left behind or hidden from our view, are by us not counted 'mong the Thousand Islands.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., upon whose steamer we are passengers, have provided breakfast for those who desire to invest a half-dollar in building up the inner man, or for those so bewildered with the changing scenes that they hardly know whether the hunger is for thought or food,—for these, the option is provided.

The Rapids.—The Rapids of the St. Lawrence. You have all heard of the Whirlpool at Niagara Falls, or watched its boiling waters playing with perpetual motion, like the wheels of time, rolling in the minutes, then the hours and days, as grist into a "mill of fate." This St. Lawrence, reflecting a one-time pleasant life, without a ripple hardly in its infancy, grows to age and power, for good or



Shooting the Lachine Rapids.

ill. It holds the key to pleasure, and its rapids, like the "Elephant of the Orient," bears along our "Howdah," in its forced submission to man. But should its kindness turn to hate, its overflowing surges would leave no mark or buoy, to say what story should be told. The Rapids of the St. Lawrence will bring us back to childhood's days, will make us young again. We'll watch the sturdy steamer ride the waves and bear us through the foam, and into pleasant, placid waters once again. The Cascades, the Long Sault, some others less important but very interesting; then as we near Montreal, the famous Lachine will be passed. The impressions of some have been gathered from experience. May we all be as pleasantly impressed.

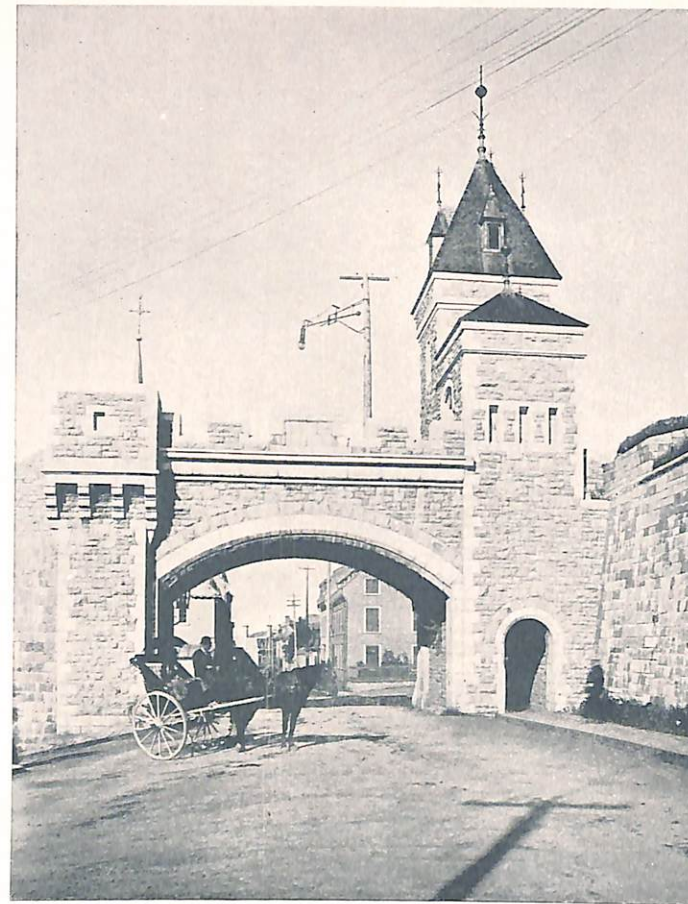


Place d'Armes, Montreal.

Montreal.—This grand city will be reached about six p. m. Her quota of inhabitants has been placed at three hundred thousand. Her churches and cathedrals are many and magnificent; her public buildings are substantial and elegant; her hotels are sufficient in number and capacity to accommodate a vast



Quebec from Levis.



Kent Gate, Quebec.

number of visitors; her streets are well paved, and intercepted at frequent intervals by beautiful little parks, ornamented with fountains and monuments of noted men. These, together with Mount Royal, the mountain just back of the city, and overlooking all the surrounding country, present an attractiveness in general seldom equaled.

Quebec.—Montreal possesses many features of interest, which are indeed so new to the average American visitor. She lies, as it were, on the threshold, dividing the new and the old worlds. Montreal, with her cosmopolite sojourners, serves to introduce us, by degrees, to the changes incident to a visit to Quebec.

Quebec, as old-fashioned as time, as foreign to our present as need be, seems the last link which perhaps binds Canada's eventful past with the new world's present. The day dream of the poet, the hero worshiper, the historian, may be fed from no more interesting food than even a glance at her present antiquity could furnish. He who conjures up the flight of armies over Europe and the Continent, massing now before some stronghold of the enemy, or sees them as at Metz or Paris, entrenched behind massive lines of fortifications, will be brought face to face at Quebec with the foundation facts whereon may be built a story, brighter, far more grand to us as Americans, than the struggles of Europe could present. Quebec lies at our gates. The pages of history record no greater undertaking than the settlement of America; they record no greater struggles than were borne by Washington and our forefathers for us; neither do they paint a picture surpassing, in historic interest, the French and English struggle for supremacy under these very walls. She lies now as tranquil as death. Overlooking the St. Lawrence, her proud fortifications seem but fitting monuments of departed greatness.

Her old stone walls speak not of this age. The bastions of the old fort, although holding the British cannon in their mouths, and look to long for activity, not sleep, yet is it not the flood-gates of the old, old history of evolution which, opening, force our thoughts to linger on the then bright side of war. The good old times are left behind; the newer, better times are here. Can we not, as Knights Templar, learn an object lesson at Quebec? Do we not stand on principles stronger and more mighty than these walls of stone, carrying our banners to certain victory in the war of Christian progress, which shall outlive these cannon, these stones, and these monuments?

The whole day will be given up to Quebec from seven-thirty in the morning until seven-thirty in the evening; then we leave for

Gorham.—“The base of the White Mountains.” We seem to be endeavoring to visit the extremes of nat-



Village of Gorham, N. H.

ure's bounty, as well as the castles of man's imagery. We have thought of war; we have slept in peace, to waken in the bosom of tranquillity, as it were. The pastoral beauty of these Eastern hills, sloping to the valley we are winding through, form a rich border to the frame-work of the White Mountains, just in sight. A stop here will fill our lungs with the freshening mountain air, and keep us well awake for each developing jewel of the trip. We will arrive at Gorham about eight A. M., and at Portland at noon.



Old Orchard Beach.

Boston, stopping on its line for a little more pleasure at Old Orchard. The sea bath we have been promised, the pageantry of fashion we enjoy (when it's the fashion), we'll drink in here. The white and smoothly-stretching beaches, famed of all in "Old New England," wait our coming. The numerous great hotels, with inviting wide verandas, with all the other ad-

ing mountain air, and keep us well awake for each developing jewel of the trip. We will arrive at Gorham about eight A. M., and at Portland at noon.

Portland, Me.—Old, staid and sober; puritanical though she may be, still like the "Mayflower," bearing pearls without price, she will welcome the Templars. Portland is a beautiful little city; her harbor is a grand one; her Casco Bay is the only *Casco Bay*, dotted with islands innumerable, and now with pleasure ships galore. The salt water, from her ocean mother, dashes on the piers, built up for commerce, even as it washes clean and white the beaches where the pleasure-seekers roam. The Portland visit will be enjoyed.

Old Orchard Beach.—We have traveled over the Grand Trunk Railway from Detroit, nearly all the way to Portland; we leave it for the Boston & Maine from there to



Beauties of Casco Bay.

juncts of a first-class watering-place, are to be found at Old Orchard. This should tell enough to let you know what to expect. We spend Saturday night at Old Orchard Beach.

Sunday Morning, August 25th.—Boston is nearly in sight. The Mecca is but a few hours away, indeed. We are supposed to be there early in the forenoon; we are getting anxious for fear we have spent too much time in dreamland.

The sight of the quaint New England scenery keeps the heart from throbbing until now—we are rolling through the suburbs of “*Bean-town*.” We are in the spacious Union depot.

Boston.—For three years we have thought of thee, like a lover of last season’s “summer girl,” conjuring up the many visions of how she’d look again to us, in all her gay array of bright reception clothes. Boston should not disappoint us. Is she not “*The Hub!*” There will be nothing too good for us here, if within the gift of those dear Fraters who bade us welcome. Her good hotels, her pleasant parks and drives, her old historic “Commons,” her own history itself as a “Commonwealth,” will fill us full of interest ourselves. It must be given over to each historian to record their individual impressions. We are all here for that purpose.

Return Trip.—As the case always is, there are so many return routes which have been talked over and speculated on at such a time, that the Committee have been forced to select one way of returning, naming it as the official return route. It will be as follows:—

Fitchburg R. R., via Saratoga to Troy; Hudson River Day Line of Steamers to New York; New York, Lake Erie & Western Ry. back home. Through the courtesies of the Fitchburg Ry. the Saratoga side trip will be free. It will no doubt be of interest to a great many of us, being the most famous inland watering place in America. It sprung into prominence soon after the marvelous medicinal qualities of the water from its springs became known. Its grand hotels have been frequented by the elite of the country for some time past, and its future seems never to have been in doubt.

After leaving Saratoga, we board one of the palatial steamers of the Hudson River Day Line at Troy, and follow the sluggish current of the Hudson down by the numerous little cities nestling on its banks. As we near the Palisades, the National Military School at West Point will be seen. The Palisades have been described so often that we will not here attempt it. We will land in New York in the early evening, and then there will be no dearth of amusement of any kind.

When we leave for home on the New York, Lake Erie & Western Ry., we will begin to realize that this famous railroad possesses a great many points which recommend themselves to the traveler. Its course through the state of New York follows a program most full of interest. We would hardly believe that it was the same old “Erie” which we see daily at Marion.

Gliding homeward, we will be well repaid by the reminiscences of the past few days, crowding in their entirety on our minds now so full of fullness. Marion will be the better place wherein to think it over. So as we see its church spires in the distance, we will try to pick out the spot we call home, until we are home once again.

TIME CARD.

MONDAY, AUG. 19.

Leave Marion via C. H. V. & T. Ry.,	4.00 P. M.
Arrive Detroit,	9.20 “
Leave Detroit,	11.25 “

TUESDAY, AUG. 20.

Arrive Niagara Falls,	8.00 A. M.
Leave Niagara Falls,	2.00 P. M.
Arrive Toronto,	5.00 “
Leave Toronto,	9.00 “

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21.

Arrive Kingston,	3.00 A. M.
Leave Kingston via R. & O. Steamer,	5.30 “
Arrive Montreal,	5.30 P. M.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22.

Montreal.	
Meals at St. Lawrence Hall.	
Leave Montreal,	10.00 P. M.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23.

Arrive Quebec,	7.30 A. M.
Meals at Chateau Frontenac.	
Leave Quebec,	7.30 P. M.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24.

Arrive Groveton, (Breakfast)	7.00 A. M.
Arrive Portland,	12.00 Noon
Leave Portland,	4.00 P. M.
Arrive Old Orchard Beach,	4.30 “

SUNDAY, AUG. 25. Leave Old Orchard Beach. Arrive Boston.

Will remain in Boston, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

BOSTON HEADQUARTERS.

Our Headquarters will be at numbers 564 and 566 Columbus Avenue. (Mr. A. F. Conant)